

JANET CLINKER's

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ORATION

ON THE
VIRTUES OF THE OLD WOMEN,

And the Pride of the Young.

With a Directions for young Men what sort
of Women to chuse, and Women what sort
of Men to marry.

Taken down in short hand, by
HUMPHRY CLINKER,

The Clashing Wives' Clerk.



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JANET CLINKER'S ORATION
On the pride of Young Women and the Virtues of
the Old, &c.

THE madness of the unmuzzled age has driven me to mountains of thought and a continued meditation: it is enough to make an auld wife in a redwood, and drive a body beyond the batter's end of ill nature, to see what I see, and hear what I hear; therefore the hinges of my anger are broke, and the bands of my good nature are burst in two, the door of civility is laid quite open, plain speech and mild admonition is of none effect; nothing must be used now but thunderbolts of reproof, tartly trimmed in a tantalizing style, roughly redd up, and manufactured through an old matron's mouth, who indeed is but frail in the teeth, but will squeeze surprisingly with her auld gums, until her very chaff blades crack in the crushing of your vice.

I shall branch out my discourse into four heads.

First, What I have seen, and been witness to.

Secondly, What I now see, and am witness to.

Thirdly, What I have heard, do hear, and cannot help; I mean, the difference between old women and young. And,

Fourthly, Concluding with an advice to young men and young women, how to avoid the buying of Janet Juniper's sticking butter, which will have a rotten rift on their stomach as long as they live.

I. The first thing that I see and observe is, That a when dast giddy headed, cock-nosed, juniper-nobbed mothers, bring up a when sky-sacket dancing daughters, a' bred up to be ladies

without so much as the breadth of their loaf o' land. It's an admiration to me, where the lads; wot a' to come frae; that's to be coupled to them! Work for a, na, my hairn must not work, she's to be a lady; they ca' her Miss. I must have her ears bored, says old mumps the mother. Thus, the poor pet is brought up like a motherless lamb, or a parrot in a cage; they learn nothing, but to prink and sew, and fling their feet about when the fiddle plays; so they become a parcel of yellow faced female tailors, very unequal matches for countrymen; just Flanders babies, up brought in a box, and must be carried in a basket; knows nothing, but pinching poverty, hunger and pride; can neither milk kye, muck a byre, card, spin, nor yet keep a tow from a corn-rigg. The most of such are as blind penny-worths, as buying pigs in pocks, and might only to be matched with tacket-makers, press-trimmers and male-tailors; that they may be male and female together agreeable in trade, since their paper-made fingers are not for hard labour; yet they might pass on a pinch for a black suitor's wife; for the stitching of the white seams round the mouth of a lady's face; or with barbers or bakers they might be buckled, because of their muslin mouth and pinchbeck speeches, when barmie scant they can blow up their bread with wind, and fair words, and when the razor is rough, can trim the shafts with a fair tale, oil their peruke with her white lips; and powder the beax's pow with a French puff. They are well versed in all the science of flattery, musical tunes, hornpipes, and country dances, though perfect in none, but the Reel of Gairmoun. H I edl blipod yd w Bua, boum
nd stidw llyt revon blipod and ydwl a ed bow ad

Yet these are they the sickle farmer fixes his fancy upon, a bundle of cloths: a skeleton of bones; Maggy and the mutch, like two firmicks and a pickle tow, neither for his plate nor his pocket, nor for his proper pleasure, neither for his profit, nor for his pleasure, to plout her hands through hawkey's cassock, it's hateful hardship for mammy's pet, and will hack a' her hands. All this have I seen and heard, and been witness to; but my pen cannot expose their names nor place of abode, but warns the working men out of their way.

2. I see another sort, who can work, and man work till they are married, and become a mistress themselves; but when the husband receives them, their thrift leaves them; before that they wrought as for a wager, and they span as for a premium, brushing as for a brig, scoured their tild skins as a wabker does worsted blankets; kept as mims in the mouth as a minister's wife, comely as Dinna, chaste as Susanna, yet the whole of their toil is the trimming of their rigging, tho' their hulls be everlasting in a leaking condition; their backs and their bellies are fened round with the fins of a big fish, six petticoats a gown and apron, besides a side sark down the ankle bones! — Ah! what monstrous rags are here! what a cloth is consumed for covering one pair of buttocks! I leave it to the judgment of and ten tailors in town, if thirty pair of mens breeches may not be cut from a little above the rasing of Bessy's bum; and this makes hear a motherly woman, and as stately a one as ever strade to market or mill. But when she's married, she turns a madam; her mistress did not work much, and why should she? Her mither ay! said she wad be a lady, but could never tell where her

p'de lay: but when the money is all spent, credit
 broken, and conduct out of keeping, and, when
 the scorching holly hains, trying, piece minny, por-
 titch, minny. the wile's wanton waster is at her
 wit's end. Work now or want, and do not say that
 the world has waf'd you: but lofty noodle, your
 giddy-headed mother, has led you astray, by teach-
 ing you to be a lady, before you was fit to be an
 servant-lads, by teaching you laziness, instead of
 hard labour, and by giving you such a high conceit
 of yourself, that nobody thinks any thing of you
 now, and you may judge yourself to be one of
 those wise people called little worth. But after
 all we have said, when you begin the world again,
 be perfectly rich, before you're gentle; work hard
 for what you gain, and you'll know better how to
 guide it, for pride is an imperfect fortune, and a
 ludicrous life will not last long.

Another sort I see, who has got more silver
 than sense, more gold than good nature, more
 musicks and means than good manners; though a
 sack can hold their silver, six houses and a half
 cannot contain their ambitious desires. Fortuna-
 tely wonderful prize would sit in fetching in the
 fourth part of their worldly wants, and the chil-
 dren imitate their mothers, chattering like hungry
 cranes, crying still I want, I want, ever craving,
 wilfully wasting, till all be brought to to a dole-
 ful dish of desolation, and with cleanness of teeth,
 a full breast, an empty belly, wide pockets without
 pence, or friends, shoes or clothes, the real fruits
 of a bad marriage, which bring about the loss and
 matrimony's carrying'd souls to both faith and repen-
 tance in one day.

3. Another thing I see, hear, and cannot help in the breeding of bairns, and bringing them up like bull stirk: they give them wealth of words, but no manners; but when I was a bairn, if I did not bend to obedience, I ken myself what I got, which learned me what to give mine; if they had telled me yea, or naye no, I laid them o'er my knee, and I came crack for crack o'er their hardies, like a knock bleaching a larn web, till the red reans stood on their hips; this brought obedience into my bowels, and banished yea, and ill nature out at the door; I dang the dail but o' them, and daddied them about like a wet dish clout, till they did my bidding; but the bairns are now brought up to spit in their mither's face, and cry o' at their auld faddies. How can they be good, who never saw a sample of it; or reverence old age, who precluded no precepts in their youth? How can they love their parents, who gave them black prison instead of good principles, and taught them no duties? No marvel such child, can despise old age, and reverence their parents as an old horse does his father.

4. The last prevailing evil which I see, all men may hear, but none strive to help, women now disdaining to ride on paddy, as of old, to be carried on a horse's hardies, but must be hurled behind the tail, seated in a leathern conveyency, and there they fly swiftly as in the chariots of Amindab. They will not speak in the language of their native country, but have southern taunts refined like raw sugar in the mill, finely struck and polished in the profane mill of London, into a perfect form of stunkey language: it is hateful to hear them swear who cannot speak: O strange alteration since the days of old,

Another grievance I see of the female offenders, which cannot omit, which attracts the mens fancy, and is the cause of their fall, I mean the dyers, who have got a more silver than lease, more hangings than gold, and value themselves as a treasure: inco apprehensible, their whole body as if set about with precious stones, and the solemnity of their marriage is like a peace after a bloody war. And what is this after all, her poor penny will never be exhausted, it must be laid out on linsey and lincloth, she must have tea and the sither thing, when pregnancy and spring comes on, then the prophecies of her death, as she hathed life, she embroiles herself, O the bed, nothing like the bed for a bad wife, her body becomes as parboiled, being so bed ridden, rot their children in the preming, their feigned sicknesses bring the husband to the substance of a skeleton, he becomes poor and han peck, under such great troubles. But when I Janet was a Janet, and had the management of my own house, my husband was three happy, I never held him down, he was all shored me day and night, I sat late and rose early, he was a fall house and rough back, when the summer came, we minded winter's cold, we had my peace at porridge time, and harmony through the day, we supped our sowens at supper time, with a seasonable heat, and went to bed, good hairs, kind naething, but stark rage and kindness, we wrought for riches, darts, pride and loved peace, he died wif a good name, and I let you ken how I live, but not as many do, not so lordly of my brain as many are of their belly: Come help yourselves ye hiloket livers and avoide it.

Now after all if a poor man want a perfect wife, let him wale a well blooded hilly, with braid shoul-

ders and thick about the hanches, that has been
 lang, a servant about the house, though twice or
 thrice away, and cryed back again, that's well
 liked by the bairns and their mother, that is nae
 ways cankered to the cats nor kicks the colley dogs
 among her feet; that wad let a' brute beasts live,
 but rats, mice, lice, fleas, neets and bugs, that bite
 the wee bairns in their cradles, and that carefully
 combs the young things heads, washes their faces,
 and claps their cheeks, snices the snitters frae
 their nose as they were a' her ain, that's the last
 that will make a good wife, for them that daurs
 the the young bairns will be kind to auld fouk if
 they had them.

And my bile hearted, wholesome, pishy, that
 wants to hatter a good husband, never tak' a wi-
 dow's me son, for a' the wily gates in the world
 will be in him, for want of a father to teach him
 mainly actions; never take a foor looking fump,
 and a mockle mouth and wide gule, who will eat
 like a horse and soft like fow, suffer none to slip
 his himself, he will eat your meat and the brains
 with, when hungry angry, and when full, shot of
 pride, ten sacks would not hold his stucco, though
 thaps will hold his silver. But go and take your
 chalice, and a' cheated thunder not as me for fa-
 shionable folks will need to fashionable things, for
 in this brutish wind, and fond love is blent-eyed.
 I wad add no more, says Janet, then so be it, said
 Humphrey Claver.

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